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Class Book, 1906

Smith College

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The Book *of* the Class *of* Nineteen Hundred & Six : Smith College

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To
President L. Clark Seelye

In all love, honor and admiration

*The Class of Nineteen Hundred
and Six*

Dedicates This Book

Contents

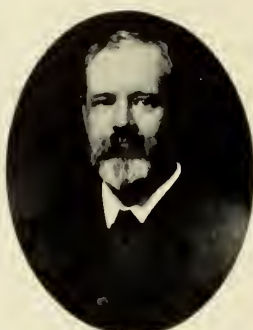
TITLE PAGE	7
DEDICATION	8
CONTENTS	9
FACULTY	11
STUDENTS	17
FORMER MEMBERS	43
OFFICERS OF THE CLASS	44
SOCIETIES	45
Phi Beta Kappa	47
Alpha	51
Phi Kappa Psi	55
Biological	56
Philosophical	57
Greek	58
Oriental	59
Colloquium	60
Physics	61
Mathematics	62
La Société Française	63
Der Deutsche Verein	64
Il Tricolore	65
El Club Espanol	66
Vox	67
Novel Club	68
Manuscript	69
Current Events	70
Telescopium	71
A. O. H.	72
Orangemen	73
Southern Club	76
Omega	74
N. L.	75
THE S. C. COUNCIL	77
THE S. C. A. C. W.	78
THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY	79
THE MONTHLY BOARD	80
ATHLETICS	83
Freshman Basketball Team	84
Sophomore Basketball Team	86

Substitute Basketball Team	88
The G. and F. A.	90
Gymnastic Exhibition	91
Golf	92
Hockey Team	93
MUSICAL CLUBS	95
Glee Club	96
Mandolin Club	98
Banjo Club	100
Chapel Choir	102
COMMITTEES	103
Junior-Senior Entertainment	105
Junior Promenade	106
Junior Ushers	108
Preliminary Dramatics Committee	110
Senior Dramatics Committee	111
Senior Committees	112
SENIOR WEEK	115
Dramatics	116
Baccalaureate Sunday	118
Ivy Day	119
Ivy Song	120
Ivy Oration	121
Commencement Day	124
Class Supper	125
Freshman History	126
Sophomore History	129
Junior History	132
Senior History	136
VERSE	140
SONGS FOR RALLIES AND BASKETBALL GAMES	148
HOUSE DRAMATICS	153
PHOTOGRAPHS	154

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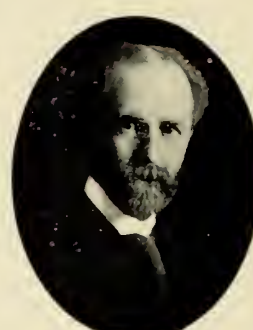
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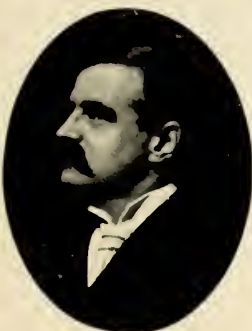
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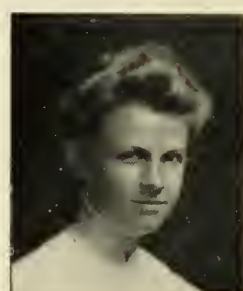
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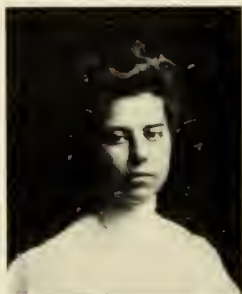
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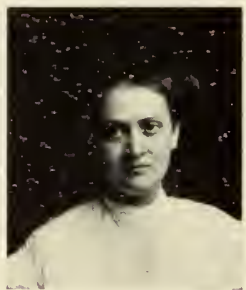
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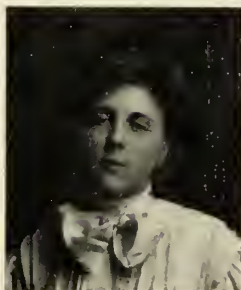
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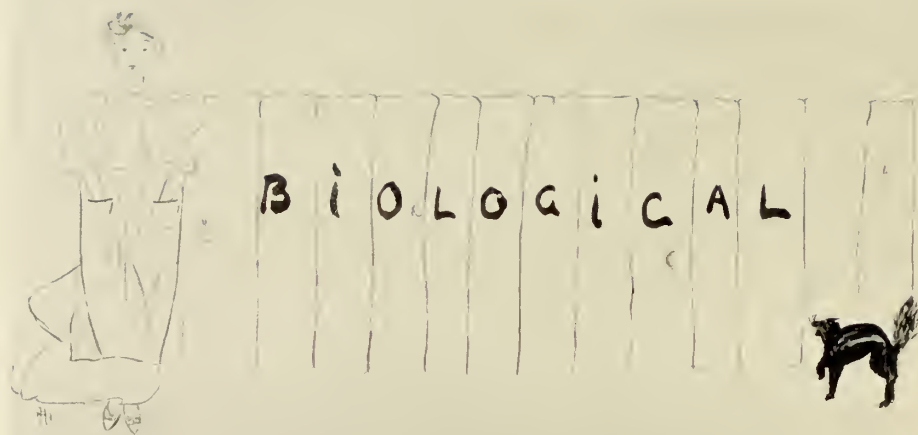
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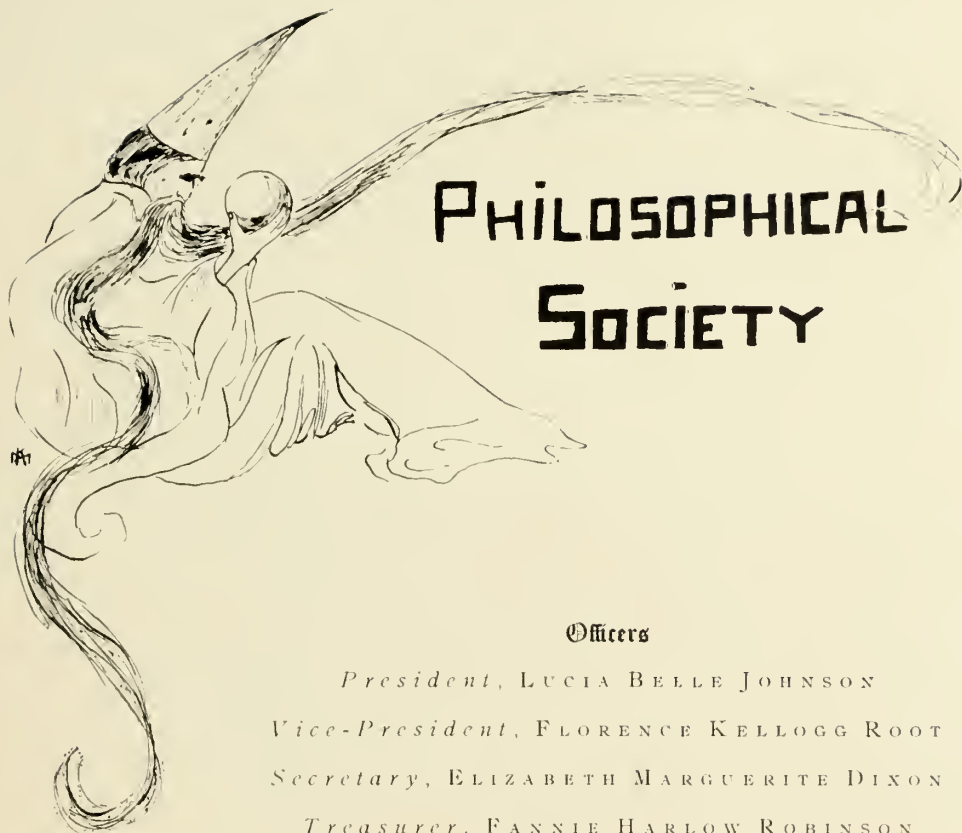
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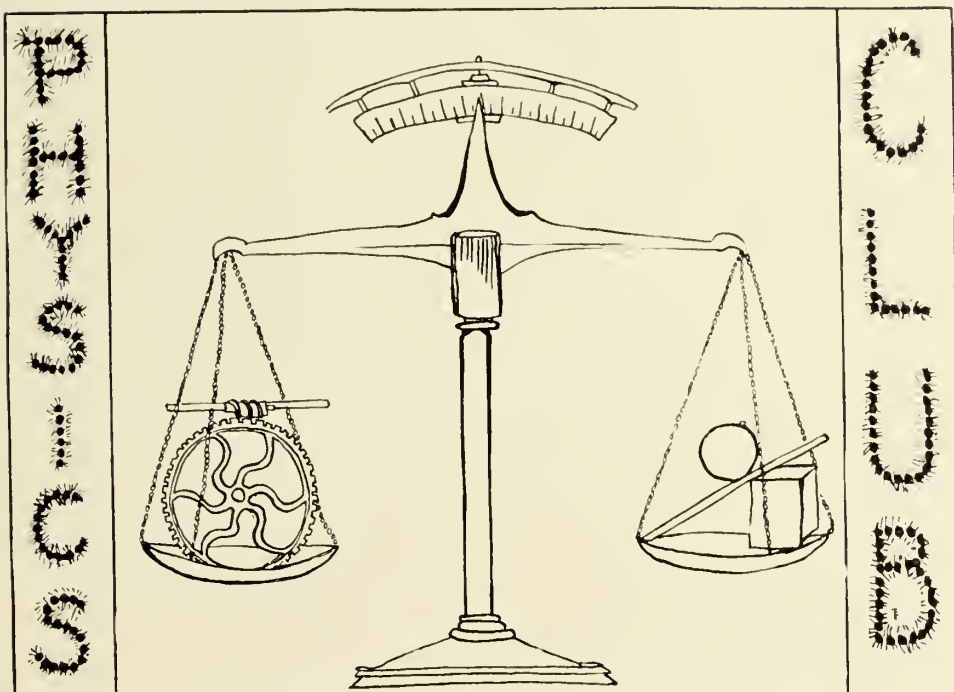
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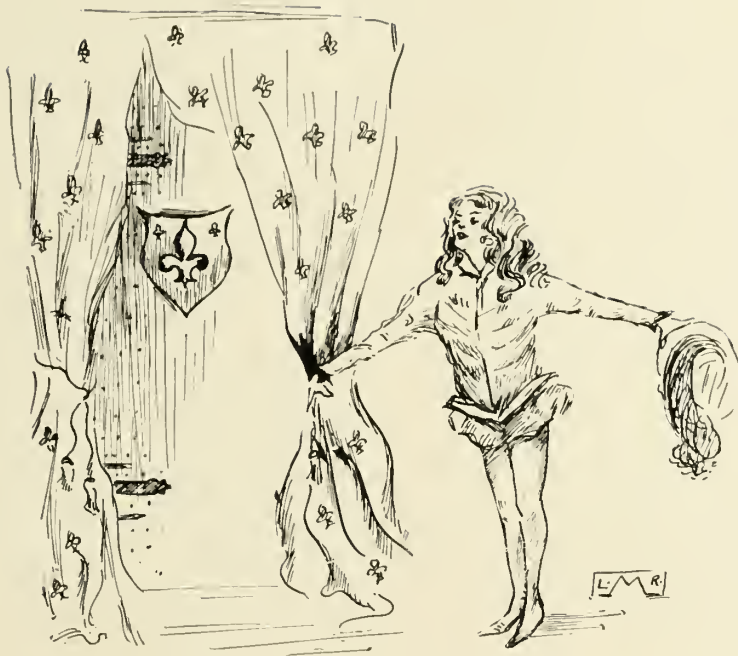
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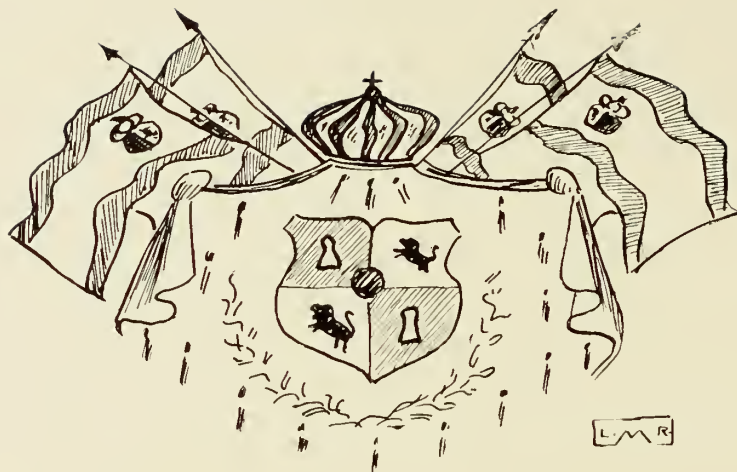
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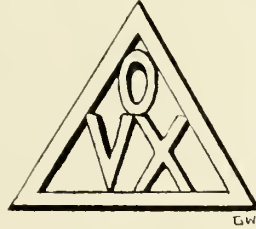
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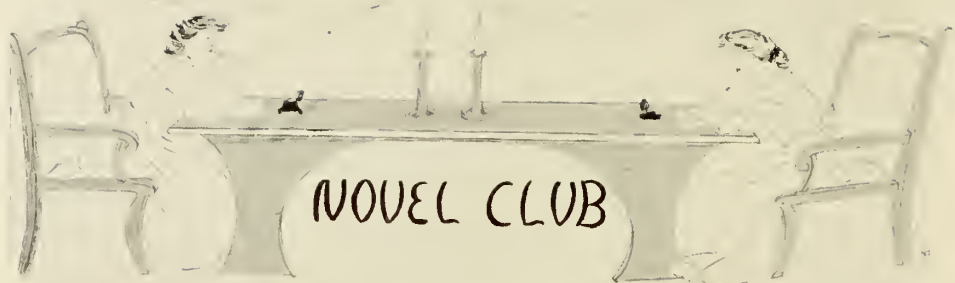


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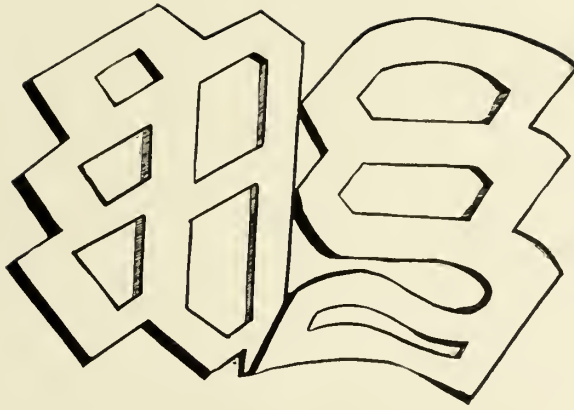
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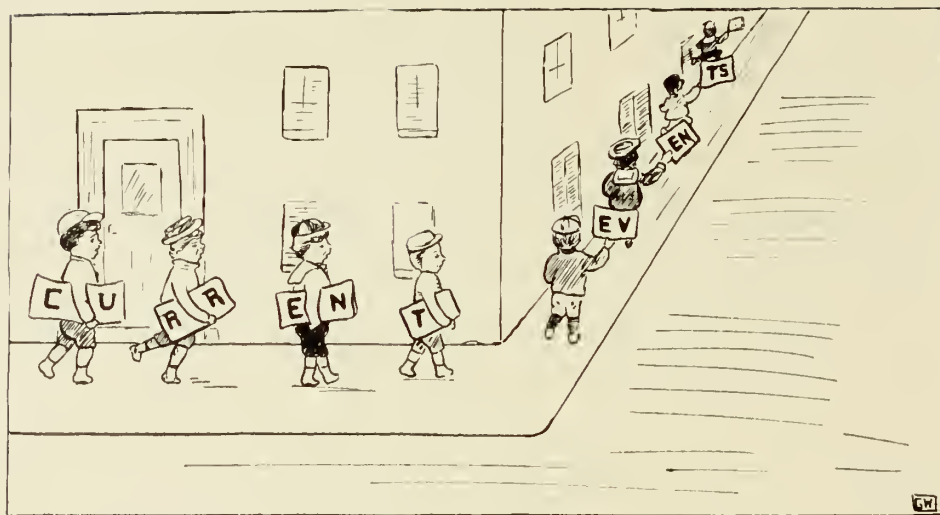
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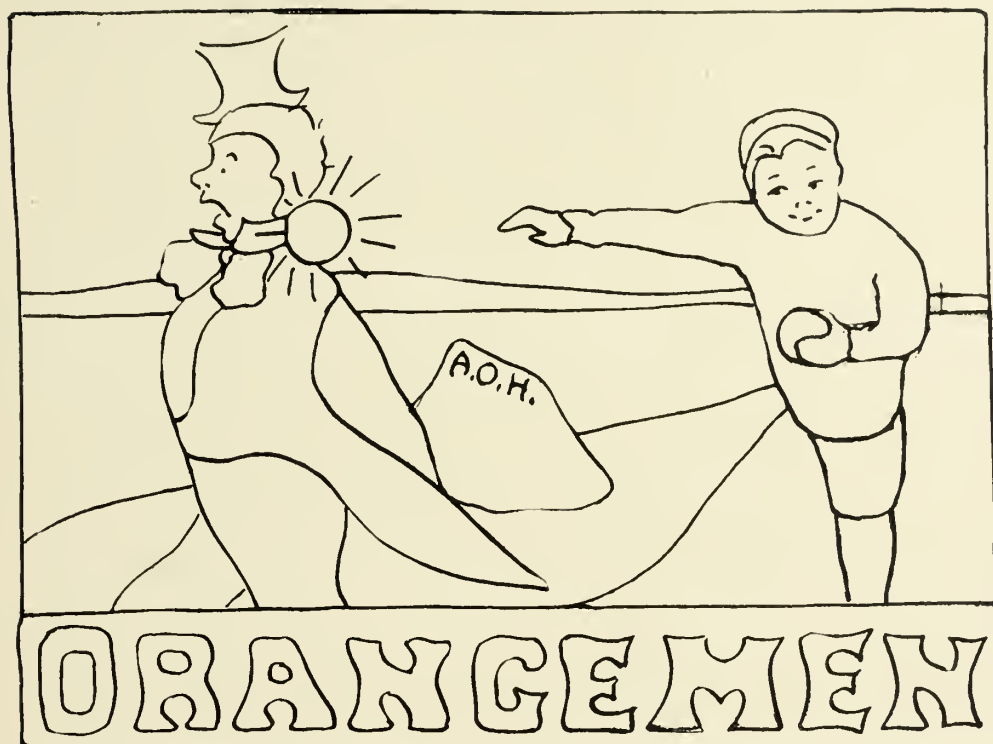
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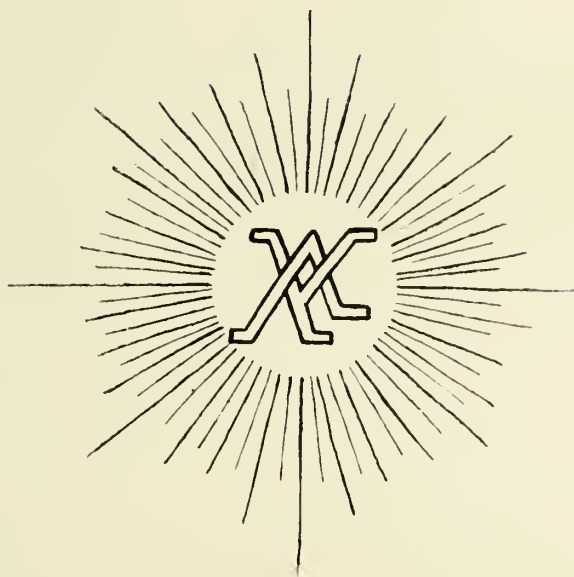
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CONSTANCE HENRIETTA RICHARDSON

1905 vs. 1906

Saturday, March 28, 1903

Score, 17-14



SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM

Sophomore Basketball Team

Captain, ANNA MARY WILSON

Forwards

KATHARINE GAGER

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MARY COMFORT CHAPIN

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ALICE FAULKNER

LUCY WALTHER

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Centers

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GERTRUDE MAY COOPER

MARY CASSANDRA KINSMAN

1906 vs. 1907

Saturday, March 19, 1904

Score, 26-19



SUBSTITUTE BASKETBALL TEAM

The Substitute Basketball Team

Captain, ELOISE GATELY BEERS

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ELSIE CUSHING DAMON }
MARY COMFORT CHAPIN }

MARY VARDRINE MCBEE

Guards

ELOISE GATELY BEERS

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Gymnastic Exhibition

1903 Captains

FANNY CLEMENT, 1903

FLORENCE NESMITH, 1904

EDNA CAPEN, 1905

ELSIE ELLIOTT, 1906

Points for the Flag Class Work

1903, 17

1904, 16 7-8

1905, 14 3-4

1906, 16 1-4

Points for the Cup, Class and Individual Work

1903, 37

1904, 43 7-8

1905, 47 3-4

1906,

1904 Captains

EMMA DILL, 1904

EDNA CAPEN, 1905

ELSIE ELLIOTT, 1906

JEANNETTE WELCH, 1907

1905 Captains

EDNA CAPEN, 1905

EMMA LOOMIS, 1906

JEANNETTE WELCH, 1907

SUE ROGERS, 1908

1906 Captains

EMMA R. LOOMIS, 1906

JEANNETTE WELCH, 1907

MAY S. KISSOCK, 1908

FLORENCE H. SHEVLIN, 1909



Golf Team

1903

FLORENCE HARRISON
ANNA WILSON

ELLA DUNHAM
HELEN FILLIBROWN

1904

FLORENCE HARRISON
ANNA WILSON

CAROLINE HINMAN
ALICE BARKER

1905

FLORENCE HARRISON
ANNA WILSON

CAROLINE HINMAN
ALICE BARKER

1906

FLORENCE HARRISON
ANNA WILSON

CAROLINE HINMAN
ALICE BARKER



Hockey Team

Captain, ROSAMOND DENISON

Forwards

FANNIE FURMAN

FLORENCE HARRISON

ELOISE BEERS

HELEN PUTNAM

GERTRUDE COOPER

Half Backs

MARY KITTREDGE

LOUISE DAY

ROSAMOND DENISON

Full Backs

FLORENCE MANN

JESSIE VALLENTINE

Goal Keeper

VARDRINE MCBEE

Musical Clubs



GLEE CLUB

Glee Club

<i>Leader</i>	MARY LOUISE THORNTON, 1906
<i>Manager</i>	HELEN FELLOWS, 1906
<i>Treasurer</i>	JULIA LYMAN PARK, 1907

First Sopranos

MARGARET ELIZA DAVIS, 1906	EMMA REBECCA LOOMIS, 1906
ELLA MOSHER DUNHAM, 1906	MARY LOUISE THORNTON, 1906
RUTH MORRISON FLETCHER, 1906	EMMA BARTOLL BOWDEN, 1907
CHARLOTTE RIGGS GARDNER, 1906	AGATHA ELIZABETH GRUBER, 1907
HAZEL JOSEPHINE GOES, 1906	FLORENCE AURELIA GREY, 1908
MARY CASSANDRA KINSMAN, 1906	MILDRED SPRINGER, 1908

Second Sopranos

LOUISE VAN NESS DAY, 1906	JULIA LYMAN PARK, 1907
HELEN FELLOWS, 1906	EDITH ALICE WALTERS, 1907
RUTH COLBURN HOLMAN, 1906	ELEANOR QUAYLE MALONE, 1908
	GRETCHEN MOORE, 1908

First Altos

BESSIE ELY AMERMAN, 1906	CLARA MAY WELSH, 1907
JOSEPHINE AUGUSTA LANE, 1906	MARY ARABELLA COALE, 1908
BERTHA ELFREDA CHRISTIANSEN, 1907	JULIA GOODSPEED REED, 1908

Second Altos

MARJORIE STEPHENS ALLEN, 1906	LEONORA BATES, 1907
ALICE CARY, 1906	EDITH ELIZABETH BRANDER, 1907
ESTHER SCOTT SEARLE, 1906	EDITH ABELAIDE LINKE, 1907



MANDOLIN CLUB

Mandolin Club

Leader ALICE CHAPMAN LOUD, 1906
Manager LOUISA FRANCES NILES, 1907

First Mandolins

GERTRUDE MAY COOPER, 1906	CLARA BELLE JACOBS, 1907
VIRGINIA ROBERTS COX, 1906	LOUISA FRANCES NILES, 1907
MARY KITTREDGE, 1906	ELSIE HAMMOND PRITCHARD, 1907
MARGARET BUSS, 1907	CLARA RAY FORD, 1908
MARY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, 1907	MINNIE ETHEL JENKINS, 1908
KATE ELEANOR HUNTLEY, 1907	RUTH VAUGHAN, 1908

Second Mandolins

HELEN MARGERY DEAN, 1907	LUCY ETHEL WOOLF, 1907
ETHEL BELLE KENYON, 1907	RUTH BARTH, 1908
MADELINE PORTER, 1907	BEATRICE CONANT, 1908
ALICE WARD ROBERTS	GRACE KELLOGG, 1908

Guitars

GEORGIANA ELIZABETH FLINT, 1906	LOUISE CARTER HILL, 1907
AGNES RUSSEL GRAY, 1906	MABEL HOLMES, 1907
ALICE CHAPMAN LOUD, 1906	GEORGIANA ALICE JACKSON, 1907
MARY VARDRINE MCBEE, 1906	CAROLYN VIRGINIA TUCKER, 1907
MABEL BOARDMAN, 1908	

Viols

FLORENCE McCULLOUGH BOYLE, 1908	FLORENCE GERTRUDE HARVEY, 1908
MARY RICHMOND DAVIDSON, 1908	KATHERINE CLARA KERR, 1908

'Cello

KATHERINE WOODS, 1907

Mandola

EDITH McELROY, 1907



BANJO CLUB

Banjo Club

Leader FLORENCE REGINA STERNBERGER
Manager ETHELWYNNE MARY ADAMSON

Banicaurines

EMMA IRENE CLARK, 1906	ETHEL MILDRED BAINE, 1907
ETHEL MARIA GLEASON, 1906	MARION FELT, 1907
MABEL WATSON KENT, 1906	KATRINA MACY RODENBACH, 1907
FRANCES SHERMAN ROCKWELL, 1906	VALBORG SOPHIA SMITH, 1907
FLORENCE REGINA STERNBERGER, 1906	ALICE CAROLINE MERRIAM, 1908

Banjos

HELEN ALMIRA BARKER, 1906	HELEN GOULDING WARREN, 1906
HELEN PERRIN MOORE, 1906	EMILY PRATT OWEN, 1907

First Mandolins

JEANNE MARIE MILLER, 1907	ETHEL MINA TRASK, 1906
FANNIE HARLOW ROBINSON, 1906	ALICE EDITH GOODMAN, 1907

Second Mandolins

ETHEL ROBINSON DOW, 1907	CARRIE GERTRUDE HILLIARD, 1907
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Guitars

ETHELWYNNE MARY ADAMSON, 1906	ALICE McELROY, 1907
ETHEL GERTRUDE CURRY, 1907	KATHLEEN AMY MILLER, 1907
MARY ISABELLE GOODMAN, 1907	MARY NOYES, 1907

Chapel Choir

LILLA SUMNER AGARD
MARJORIE STEPHENS ALLEN
MARION BENNETT
MARGARET DICKSON BRIDGES
ALICE CARY
MARGARET ELIZA DAVIS
LOUISE VAN NESS DAY
EDITH ZERUIAH ELLIS
HELEN FELLOWS
HELEN THOMAS FILLIBROWN
RUTH MORRISON FLETCHER
GRACE HUNTER
JOSEPHINE AUGUSTA LANE
EMMA REBECCA LOOMIS
MARY VARDRINE MCBEE
ETHEL JANET MERRIFIELD
MARIE MUKRLAND
MABEL LAVINA PARKER
EMILIE VICTORINE PIOLLET
PAULINE SPERRY
MARY LOUISE THORNTON

Committees

Junior-Senior Entertainment

Committees

Entertainment

Chairman, HAZEL JOSEPHINE GOES

MIGNONNE FORD

ELSIE HERNDON KEARNS

LUCIA BELLE JOHNSON

MARY CASSANDRA KINSMAN

ELSIE MARGARET KLEIN

Refreshment

Chairman, GRACE RICH TREADWELL

GERTRUDE CRUDEN

MARY KITTREDGE

MARION HOLMES KEELER

AGNES ARMITAGE McCORD

Music

Chairman, RUTH MORRISON FLETCHER

LOUISE VAN NESS DAY

CHARLOTTE RIGGS GARDNER

FLORENCE REGINA STERNBERGER

Invitation

Chairman, MILDRED WIGGIN

EDITH GILMORE JOHNSTON

ALICE GILBERT RAYMOND

CLAIRE LOUISE KENNEDY

MELINDA WHEELER ROCKWOOD

ALICE RING SMYTHE

Souvenirs

Chairman, AMELIA GUILD BENT

HELEN THOMAS FILLIBROWN

HARRIET PETTES MUILEMAN

MARY ELOISE GALLUP

FLORENCE KELLOGG ROOT

ALICE CHAPMAN LOUD

MERTICE PARKER THRASHER

GENEVIEVE WATERS

Junior Promenade

May 10, 1905

Committees

General Chairman, NELLIE MANVILLE BROWN

Music

Chairman, HELEN FELLOWS

ELSIE CUSHING DAMON

KATHARINE GAGER

GEORGIANA ELIZABETH FLINT

MARIE MURKLAND

Program

Chairman, MARY STEVENSON BICKEL

FANNIE FURMAN

JANET DE WITT MASON

ALICE MAUD KERWIN

EMILIE VICTORINE PIOLLET

Invitation

Chairman, MARION FULTON ROBINSON

NETTIE ANNA BAUMAN

FRANCES GLEASON MANNING

ODILEE GERTRUDE BURNHAM

MELINDA CROSBY PRINCE

Refreshment

Chairman, MYRA AGNES MITCHELL

FRANCES WARD CLARY

ANNIE MARGARET LOWE

MARY WHAM

Floor

Chairman, MARIE LOUISE BIGELOW

SARAH RIPLEY BARTLETT	JOSEPHINE AUGUSTA LANE
MARGARET DICKSON BRIDGES	LULU AGATHA LIESEMER
FANNIE HARLOW ROBINSON	

Ushers

LOUISE VAN NESS DAY

AGNES MADELEINE AHERN	IDA NANCY MERRILL
JESSIE CAROLINE BARCLAY	J. BLANCHE MILLARD
AMELIA GUILD BENT	ETHEL PERCY MONSON
RUTH MORRISON FLETCHER	ESTHER BAKER PORTER
FANNIE FURMAN	ALICE GILBERT RAYMOND
BARBARA KAUFFMANN	ALMA ELIZABETH ROBERTS
MARY ARCHER MARTIN	HANNAH DE ROTHSCHILD SCHARPS
MARY KERR MCCURRACH	FLORENCE REGINA STERNBERGER



JUNIOR USHERS

Junior Ushers

MARJORIE STEPHENS ALLEN
BESSIE ELY AMERMAN
JESSIE CAROLINE BARCLAY
ALICE WHITING BARKER
ELOISE GATELY BEERS
MARIAN BEYE
LOLA LORRAINE BISHOP
LOUISE WARDEN BODINE
VILA LUELLE BREENE
NELLIE MANVILLE BROWN
MARY COMFORT CHAPIN
GERTRUDE MAY COOPER
VIRGINIA ROBERTS COX
ELSIE CUSHING DAMON
MARGARET ELIZA DAVIS
ROSAMOND DENISON
ELIZABETH MARGUERITE DIXON
MARIAN ELZA DODD
CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE
ELLA MOSHER DUNHAM
ALICE FAULKNER
HELEN THOMAS FILLIBROWN
EDITH MILDRED FURBUSH
KATHARINE GAGER
CHARLOTTE RIGGS GARDNER
HAZEL MERRITT GATES
HAZEL JOSEPHINE GOES
FLORENCE LOUISE HARRISON
CAROLINE BORDEN HINMAN
RUTH COLBURN HOLMAN
LUCIA BELLE JOHNSON
ELSIE HERNDON KEARNS

MARION HOLMES KEELER
ALICE MAUD KERWIN
MARY CASSANDRA KINSMAN
MARY KITTREDGE
ALICE MAE LINDMAN
EMMA REBECCA LOOMIS
ALICE CHAPMAN LOUD
ANNIE MARGARET LOWE
MARY WINIFRED MACLACHLAN
AMY GRACE MAHER
FLORENCE MANN
FRANCES GLEASON MANNING
ANNA THERESA MARBLE
JANET DE WITT MASON
MARGARET GANSEVOORT MAXON
MARY VARDRINE MCBEE
RUTH MCCALL
ABBY GRAY MEAD
CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB
HELEN JACKSON POMEROY
CLARA FISHER PORTER
HELEN EDNA PUTNAM
ELISABETH LOUISE ROBERTS
FRANCES SHERMAN ROCKWELL
MARY ELIZABETH ROOT
LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS
MARCIA HOLMES SHAW
MARGARET STONE
MARY LOUISE THORNTON
LUCY WALTHER
MARY WHAM
ANNA MARY WILSON

Preliminary Dramatics Committee

Chairman, ELSIE HERNDON KEARNS

LUCIA BELLE JOHNSON

RUTH MCCALL

HELEN THOMAS FILLIBROWN

FLORENCE LOUISE HARRISON



Senior Dramatics Committee

General Chairman

HELEN JACKSON POMEROY

Advisory Member

ROSAMOND DENISON

Chairman Committee on Costumes

CHARLOTTE RIGGS GARDNER

Chairman Committee on Music

AMY GRACE MAHER

Business Manager

GRACE RICH TREADWELL

Stage Manager

MARY CASSANDRA KINSMAN

Secretary

FLORENCE LOUISE HARRISON

Sub-Committees

Costumes

MARY KITTREDGE

AGNES ARMITAGE McCORD

FRANCES GLEASON MANNING

FRANCES SHERMAN ROCKWELL

Assistant Business Manager

ANNA THERESA MARBLE

Assistants to Stage Manager

MARIAN ELZA DODD

ALICE CHAPMAN LOUD

Press Committee

MARION HOLMES KEELER

MARION FULTON ROBINSON

Senior Committees

Senior Pins

Chairman, ALICE HARRISON FOSTER
ODILEE GERTRUDE BURNHAM J. BLANCHE MILLARD

Class Book

Chairman, ABBY GRAY MEAD
HELENA BASSETT ALFORD MARY WINIFRED MACLACHLAN
SARAH RIPLEY BARTLETT MARGARET GANSEVOORT MAXON

Photographs

Chairman, HELEN THOMAS FILLIBROWN
ALICE MAUD KERWIN MARY CASSANDRA KINSMAN
FRANCES GLEASON MANNING

Ivy Song

Chairman, MARJORIE STEPHENS ALLEN
HELEN FELLOWS FLORENCE REGINA STERNBERGER
RUTH MORRISON FLETCHER MARY WHAM

Campus

Chairman, ELLA MOSHER DUNHAM
ALICE WHITING BARKER MARY VARDRINE MCBEE
JANET DE WITT MASON FANNIE HARLOW ROBINSON

Order in Marching

Chairman, MARION FULTON ROBINSON
HAZEL CARY ESTHER BAKER PORTER
FANNIE FURMAN ELISABETH LOUISE ROBERTS

Presents

Chairman, LOLA LORRAINE BISHOP

VIRGINIA ROBERTS COX

MARY FRANCES HOLMES

LOUISE VAN NESS DAY

LUCY WALTHER

Printing

Chairman, ALICE GILBERT RAYMOND

HAZEL MERRITT GATES

CATHARINE ADAMS MITCHELL

ANNA THERESA MARBLE

LOUISA WALLIS PUFFER

Commencement Orator

Chairman, CHARLOTTE RIGGS GARDNER

MARION BEYE

ELSIE HERNDON KEARNS

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE

FLORENCE MANN

Class Supper

Chairman, ESTHER SCOTT SEARLE

MARY STEVENSON BICKEL

ALICE TOWNSEND MITCHELL

ALICE FAULKNER

FLORENCE KELLOGG ROOT

Day Exercises

Chairman, LOUISE WARDEN BODINE

ROSAMOND DENISON

LUCIA BELLE JOHNSON

MARGARET HAMILTON HATCH

RUTH MCCALL

Senior Week



SENIOR DRAMATICS

Senior Dramatics

"HAMLET"

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Thursday, June 14, Dress Rehearsal; Friday, June 15; Saturday, June 16.

Cast

KING CLAUDIUS	HELEN THOMAS FILLIBROWN
HAMLET	ELSIE HERNDON KEARNS
POLONIUS	EMMA REBECCA LOOMIS
LAERTES	FLORENCE MANN
HORATIO	ALICE FAULKNER
OSRIC	MARY WHAM
ROSENCRANTZ	AGNES MADELEINE AHERN
GUILDENSTERN	HELEN EDNA PUTNAM
PRIEST	AGNES GRAY
MARCELLUS	ANNA MARY WILSON
BERNARDO	CAROLINE BORDEN HINMAN
FRANCISCO	MARIE MURKLAND
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	BESSIE LELAND WARREN
SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	JESSIE VALLENTINE
FIRST PLAYER	LOLA LORRAINE BISHOP
SECOND PLAYER	FRANCES MAY POI
GHOST	ELLA MOSHER DUNHAM
MESSENGER	CLARA FISHER PORTER
QUEEN GERTRUDE	LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS
OPHELIA	HAZEL JOSEPHINE GOES
PLAYER QUEEN	HAZEL MERRITT GATES

Baccalaureate Sunday

June 17

Christian Association Service

Music Hall 9.30 A. M.

Baccalaureate Exercises

First Congregational Church 4.00 P. M.

Sermon by PRESIDENT L. CLARKE SEELYE

Vesper Service

Assembly Hall 7.00 P. M.

Ivy Day

Monday, June 18

Chapel Service	9.00 A. M.
Ivy Exercises	10.00 A. M.
Society Reunions	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Art Exhibition	4.00-6.00 P. M.
Promenade Concert	7.00 P. M.
President's Reception	8.00-10.00 P. M.

Ivy Song

Here where the summer sun doth glow,
Here where the life-giving breezes blow,
Here in the warm and glad old earth,
Plant we our ivy to gain new birth.

CHORUS—

Ivy, Ivy,
Rustling Ivy,
Shelter the walls that we love so well.

Living sign that we leave behind,
Symbol of friendship's ties that bind,
Gather strength as the years go by,
To show that our love can never die.

CHORUS—

Ivy, Ivy,
Rustling Ivy,
Shelter the walls that we love so well.

Be to us more than a sign of the past,
Stand for our future that e'er will last,
And, as upward you strive to climb,
Teach us to mount unto heights sublime.

CHORUS—

Ivy, Ivy,
Rustling Ivy,
Shelter the walls that we love so well.

ABBY GRAY MEAD

Iby Oration

KNOW thyself! Two thousand years ago it was the life motto of one to whom all succeeding ages have accorded the profoundest respect. Today it is one of the watchwords of individualism, for it is by consciousness of self and knowledge of capacities and incapacities, that development is furthered. Nor is it a knowledge which lies outside the possibilities of any. It is open to all and more especially to those who have known the advantages of four years of guided thought. Not, that had we missed the straightest way, we would have failed to see our error, but that here, the possibility is reduced to minimum dimensions.

We feel this guidance and realize its proportions, but when we seek to express it in plain words, it is surprisingly elusive. We say it has broadened us, has given us a more universal sympathy, one less likely to be sentimental or prejudiced; that it has increased our confidence in ourselves, and, best of all, has tended to render conscious the inner life and to make possible the true expression of ourselves.

Aside from these, there is one experience which we believe is common to all—the good lesson of regret, which, by discovering short-comings in the past, encourages to greater exertions in the future. It may be we have enjoyed too little the comradeship of friends; have regarded too lightly this treasure-house of knowledge; have given to athletics an undue proportion of interest; and lastly—and this is the most common of all, that the “life,” of which we hear so much, has been in great measure misunderstood.

The feeling which comes when it is all over is somewhat like that we experience after a long tramp in the springtime. We set for ourselves a goal, more or less casual and more or less commonplace, which is the mere winning of the letters of a degree. In striving to outstrip our fellows, to be in among the first, we make our remembrance one of exertion and speed only, missing altogether the comradeship, the sympathy of assistance, given and received, which belongs to the ranks of those who delayed to enjoy the splendid vista of some valley, or to see the hidden things of more persistent seeking. Yet there are always two sides to a question and if we miss this first pit-fall we may fall into the second, and under the influences of many disconcerting fascinations, regard too lightly the real work of college. We are here for the “life” but if “work” the loadstar of our pilgrimage were removed, there would remain empty and echoing walls, or, in keeping with the progressiveness of the twentieth century, a summer hotel. Over-emphasis of either side of the dilemma is made under a misconception. The “life” which is truly what we most wish, is three-fourths study and one-fourth play—not, as many imply, three-fourths play and one-fourth “life,” for by this last definition we make of study an ugly

skeleton to be kept among the shadows and lavish the red light of our approbation on the unessentials of promiscuous play.

It is a misconception which does not end with itself but leads farther. If we stopped to think, if we truly "knew" ourselves it might not be so, but often in the hurry of many interests we do not "know," and fall to drifting. Some may be wise enough to see the danger; few are strong enough to despise this backward movement so treacherous, which once in a thousand years brings one, by easy stages and some partiality of fate, to a great success, but more often, leads far from port.

The main advantage then of self-knowledge is, that in assisting us to see, to recognize the true proportions of life as it must be for us, we recognize the nature of our gifts and those by which our best development is made possible.

The world which is seldom universally in the wrong, holds it the special and individual duty of all, not so much to be his brother's keeper, as his own—to look well to himself individually, which will inevitably result to the common good socially, and first of all to make the most of himself. There is a strong sentimentality among us which has caused us to look down with a certain contempt upon those who make the most of themselves and has placed upon an undeserved pedestal those who squander themselves and deprive themselves of the meed which is justly theirs. Not that there is not something to be said for the jack of all trades, the dilettante, though that fashionable word would scarcely recognize itself in so humble a guise. He is a good fellow, Jack, just wise enough in our special trade and sorrowful enough in his own failure to send us, by his sympathetic counsel, to success. But for himself we tolerate his waywardness just long enough for him to taste of all and choose his own, which found, marks the turning point from dilettantism to proficiency. It is like the fluttering notes of a musician whose hands wander seemingly purposeless through chromatic fifths and sevenths to the chord of his seeking, which found is struck; no wandering now; firm, clear, and the song begins.

The diversity of college praise has led some to doubt whether for her there is any song, any gift worth the having. But college, like every place under the sun, accords to some an over great success, and to some a recognition far too small. And here is where we pray that we may know ourselves—may realize our gifts. We all have gifts—some showy, obvious gifts which the world admires but does not necessarily love; some quiet, homely gifts whose exercise makes for the happiness of a charmed circle which we call "home." But the admiration, even the potentiality of such excellence is not enough. We must strive for the thing we would be. It is hard not to agree absolutely with Browning—

"If you choose to, play! is my principle.
Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!"

There are none who know better than we the incompleteness of our development. The best years lie before us. The years for which these days of college are a preparation and a beginning—a strong lens, as it were, which opens up new vistas and makes clearer the old. We have done with the alphabet of knowledge, the research work is still to come, by which we shall spell out new words which shall contribute to the vocabulary of thought. But this is not

yet all. We leave it in the hands of those who shall prove their claim. We may not all be ten times ten. As Du Maurier says, we may be only "fours" mapped out by Fate twice two—or two plus two. The same in the end, but, paradoxical as it may sound, not the same; for one whose gifts make him the first, would have failed in living the second.

All this lies in the future to be proved or disproved. We have still to build up the special nature of our contribution in any sphere. The building is of primary importance, the recognition, secondary. We must aim, not at the little rounded work, seen at a glance and likely to win immediate recognition, but to build on original lines, angular, incongruous perhaps, but full of promise, lacking in charm only because incomplete, and capable of infinite development, filling in, rounding, polishing, until at last there is accomplished a result worthy of admiration.

Success here is only a relative prophecy of success to come. College is like a great museum, where marble and bronze, paintings and etchings are crowded together so closely that the one detracts from the beauty of the other—the etchings are dulled, the bronze made swarthy. But we tolerate the whole because a result is made possible. Just so with college.

We regret that this must be so. Yet in spite of this and of a resentment we sometimes feel at the reiteration of a too often repeated truism, these are the holiday years of our life, and none appreciate better than we, what it has meant, what it might have meant, and, in the years to come, it shall mean. But whether we think of it in terms of work or play, of success or failure, under it all we must feel that the deepest lesson learned, the most fruitful assistance given is that which has aided us to "know" ourselves and by so doing has made possible a fuller development of self.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS

Commencement Day

Tuesday, June 19

Commencement Day

COLLEGE HALL 10.00 A. M.
Orator, SAMUEL W. McCall

Collation

ALUMNAE GYMNASIUM 12.00 M.

Alumnae Meeting

4.00 6.00 P. M.

Class Supper

STUDENT'S BUILDING 7.00 P. M.

Class Supper

Tuesday, June 19, Students' Building, 7.00 p. m.

"At night we'll feast together."

Hamlet, Act II, Scene 2.

RUTH McCALL, *Toastmistress*

I. The College and the Faculty BESSIE ELY AMERMAN

"I shall the effect of this good lesson keep."—Act I, Scene 3.

Freshman Class History RUTH McCALL

II. A Problem in Dramatic Arithmetic: 10, 20, 30

HARRIETTE ESSELSTYN BERRY

"I am ill at these numbers."—Act II, Scene 2.

Sophomore Class History CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB

III. Senior Dramatics KATHARINE GAGER

"The play's the thing."—Act II, Scene 2.

Junior Class History ELOISE GATELY BEERS

IV. The Man, the Maid and the Mareel AMY GRACE MAHER

"It waves me still."—Act I, Scene 4.

Senior Class History MARGARET GANSEVOORT MAXON

V. The Class of 1906 FLORENCE MANN

"I shall not look upon her like again."—Act II, Scene 2.

Freshman Class History

TIME: The fall of 1902. PLACE: A portion of the Under world.

A WIDE, flat plain, the burning sands of which emit a reddish glow, dimming the whole scene. In the far background pain-distorted females, mounted on saddles of inverted pins, are forced to ride mad little ponies which race and buck about furiously. And these are the troops of those, who, having, of their own free will, in happier days, made use of such assistance, are now, in these, the days of reckoning, condemned to trot forever without cessation or hope of relief. Their wails and wild cries fill the air.

In the nearer foreground fat, pudgy beings, bent at the middle in everlasting torment continually lift up their lead-weighted feet in a vain attempt to make further progress, for even as a step is about to be gained the fiery sands glide forward, leaving the unhappy sinners in the same place and the electric clock towards which they turn their despairing eyes reckons, with a loud click, a minute backward. In this fashion are punished, and justly, too, the myriads of those, who, in the mortal life, failed to keep conscientiously the record of exercise.

In the near, left foreground a bald creature, so thin that her very bones protrude through her white flesh, grinds and grinds, 'mid much wrenching and cracking of joints, so hard does the unoiled crank revolve, unfailing supplies of indigestible tomes the ground product of which this unfortunate malefactor is compelled to devour. And for her and her sisters there is no respite, for, as much as they grind, and that must they do continually, so much must they consume, while above their weary heads, suspended by but single hairs hang threateningly huge keys of curious shape. The crime and its punishment are here so obvious as to need no comment.

In the right background queer animals of marvelous colors disport themselves. Here a yellow March hare scuttles fearfully away from a fierce, purple unicorn. There an owl, from a safe station, hoots mockingly

at a big, red lion which is completely engrossed in a pitiful survey of a toddling baby gryphon.

In the right foreground little red demons with mischievous, bulging eyes and forked tails, roll lazily about awaiting the word which will send them scampering off to the upper world, there to entangle, in the meshes of Latin, Mathematics and Greek the poor little members of the entering class. Now and then they snap angrily at one another but always with a careful eye on their Lord and Master, who, at the forge in the center of the plain, is busily plying the great hammer. At length his work is finished and proudly he suspends, glowing in the mid-air, cunningly wrought numerals of 1906; whereat the owl hoots six triumphant hoots—the lion roars six resounding roars—the demons leap for joy, and, at a nod from their Sovereign, are off like flashes into the upper air.

A month later—same scene—1906 still glows red hot—but through its separate parts, as a binding link, is coiled a scaly serpent. A flap-flap of wings—a double thrice uttered hoot and above the numerals is proudly perched the wise little owl, while on the glowing sands below, the red lion, a picture of offended rage and indignation, chews his tail revengefully.

Swiftly the days speed by—shrewdly the lion bides his time—a sudden spring—a flash of red—a few desperate hoots—an irritated hiss or two and then from the long-coveted position the lion roars six exulting roars, while the poor little owl flutters blindly along on the broiling sands below.

* * * * *

With angry gesture, the Omnipotent One of the Lower Regions throws down the glass with which he has been watching the affairs of the Upper World. In bold defiance the brave lion, in ecstatic roars, fourteen of them, expresses his delight, while from the dim, red distance a feeble, humble little voice in much abashed tones trebles forth seventeen shrill little trebles. The great game is over.

Still faster and faster Father Time shoves the days along till the middle of June is at hand and once more the Dark King stands anxiously with attentive glass. From the distance comes a queer, whirring sound—a strange odor permeates the atmosphere, and soon there looms in sight a huge red automobile, driven recklessly along by Machiavelli. Next him John Newton, covertly examining the machinery out of the corner of his eye, brazenly claims the original idea as his own, while in the tonneau, 'mid Jeremiah's wailings and lamentations and prophecies of immediate

destruction, Jonah monotonously rehearses, for the fourteenth time, the anatomy of the whale to poor Mr. Job, who politely nods his head in patient appreciation at five-minute intervals. A sudden, sharp jerk and the machine comes to a stop. A tall woman, clothed in yellow and accompanied by a yellow bunny has levelled a rifle at the driver and forbids further progress without a number. Quick as lightning the resourceful Machiavelli has clapped the glowing 1906 on the rear of his car, and, guarded by the faithful lion, is spinning off again.

With tense muscles, riveted to the spot, the Lord of the Dark Realm watches until the very end—until he sees the last glimmer of the famous numerals, and then, as he sinks down in a dumb, helpless fury of rage, the greenish pallor of envy overspreads his face—the flames in the forge leap up green and the whole under world reflects the color, while from somewhere in the hazy distance a queer, green creature lurches forward and wails seven long, mournful wails.

RUTH McCALL

Sophomore Class History

SOPHOMORE class history! I tremble at the thought of trying to present adequately so lofty and extensive a subject. I have been trying for three years, through the toils of English 13, to cultivate the brilliancy of style requisite for this occasion. Alas! all has been in vain. But you have bidden me "stand, and unfold myself," and if I can muster "any sound, or use of voice," "I shall in all my best obey you."

The class of 1906 has always been equal to any emergency. It was, then, with a feeling of extreme self-confidence that we returned to college in the autumn of 1903, to assume the dignity and the responsibility of Sophomores. With what warmth we greeted those "dear old pals" of the year before; and wondered if we ever could have been Freshmen, like those children who were studying Math. so feverishly in the train. How officiously we took these same Freshmen to the frolic, and later to the Sophomore reception, eager to show that there was nothing to which we needed initiation.

But we soon ceased to lavish attentions upon the Freshmen, and left them with cordial invitations to "come and see me, please," for 1903 began to find new channels open to its superfluous energy. Suddenly, without warning, to the astonishment of ourselves and of all our friends, we launched into dramatics! Our "bright particular star" had not yet risen; and the talent which is now astonishing the theatrical world in "Hamlet" first budded—one might even say blossomed—in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Here, as in every field, the center and captain was our "grand old Ann" though who would have recognized her in the grouchy, white-haired carl? The sweetness and pathos of "Dearest" drew tears from the eyes of the Faculty. (1906 will always regret that Elsie found domestic life more attractive than college honors.) Even the *Monthly* was impressed with this "finished and artistic performance," and with one actor in particular. "By far the best piece of dramatic work," they said, "was done

by Helen Fillibrown as Mr. Havisham;" they commented with awe upon the way in which he held his hat and gloves, and "the little trick of smoothing down his hair." 1906 was puffed with very pardonable pride.

After our theatrical stars had appeared on the horizon, and were well started on their ascent toward the zenith, the next excitement was in connection with department clubs. We began to go into those learned frats: French Club, Deutsche Verein, Physics, Colloquium! People said, "Why, 1906 is a mighty clever class." 1904 was more proud of us than ever. We became so intellectual that the head of the literary department, whose name rhymed with "mumps," had to give up her Sophomore division in "The Rise of the Drama" and soon after left Smith for the West, powerless to cope with such prodigies of learning!

It was then that our upper-class friends in Alpha and Phi Kappa began to sit up and take notice. They asked us, to our great excitement, to make out lists; and in the halls, at Boyden's, on the street, we stopped to gossip and guess over first fives. O, the enthusiasm, the exultation, yea, verily, the tears of joy with which at last we saw five stars of 1906 walk out of chapel "in Alpha, in Alpha, in Alpha!"

We decided that Phi Kappa was equally worthy of our membership, and five of our classmates, in order to show how mind can rise superior to distracting circumstances, elected to enter that society on the very morning of midyears! Ah! now at last we had made our *début* into society. Now perhaps we might seem not unworthy of recognition by certain fair members of 1904 whom we worshipped from afar.

After the stress and strain of midyears (which we faced by no means so calmly as we made the terrified Freshmen believe), we found our minds rather wearied by having learned an extensive Bible cram in rhyme. So we gave more attention to exercise cards, and spent glorious winter afternoons in sliding on the crust of the snow, until Prexy grew anxious, and protested against coasting by the use of "extemporized vehicles."

During the winter, too, the basketball team was training strenuously, coached by Dilly and Mabel and Rita. Our hearts had been sad when 1904 played its last game on Rally Day; but we braced up when our dear old Seniors said that they were counting on us to uphold the honor of 1904. We determined that such confidence should not be misplaced, and in the big game in March we did ourselves proud. We didn't "wipe up the floor"

with the Freshmen—"intelligent gentlewomen" would never do that; but we won with a score of 26-19. Do you remember how we sang—

"Sophomores, we have the ripping team!—Freshman can't compare!
In basketball and athletic tricks
None so fine as 1906!
So fine as Sophomores, dear 1906,
So fine as 1906—a-six—a—dear 1906!

Then came spring term, and the decoration committee for the prom. The Students' Building, under its poppies and sunflowers of yellow paper, rejoiced and blossomed as the rose; and we wandered about under Japanese lanterns, gazing at the Juniors and their men, and longing for our own prom.

But spring term was not all joy, for a dire disease broke out in our midst. Did we fall ill from mourning over the approaching departure of 1904? Whatever the cause, 1906, laden with hand-bag or suit-case, crept down to the infirmary by the back way, avoiding the gaze of solicitous friends; for alas, we had fallen victim to the infantile and humiliating affliction of measles! The pest spread with alarming rapidity—as we would have said in physics lab., it was generated by high specific inductive capacity. We barely recovered in time to take 1904 to the last dinner at Boyden's, the last drive, the last Sunday at Clary's.

The middle of June drew near—too near; 1904 was really going! Who would be left for us to adore, to fuss, to imitate? Then with a terrible sense of responsibility we realized that we would soon be upper-class men; that 1908 would come to adore us, and to try to grow "More like us—like us—like us all the while," and that our mission in life was to try to perpetuate the virtues, general and individual, of 1904. Only in this way, we knew, could we leave behind us, at the last, the impression that the lion and the unicorn have been, are, and always will be, "The finest on the floor."

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB

Junior Class History

ACCORDING to the Glee Club it was our Marlowe papers on which we "went up," but there are alternatives to offer—Bible papers, for instance! Or perhaps some of us would suggest that an analysis of chemistry lab. might discover certain yeast-like properties to which our sudden rise was due! Others, that it is only reasonable to attribute the enlargement of our physical measurements, at least, to Physics! On the whole, however, it is not in the wherefore of our metamorphosis that importance lies, but in the fact that we appeared one September morning in a mushroomy manner, spotting the campus with large blue cards under our arms—fully developed Juniors.

That we cut a pretty figure you may be sure; for we wore our new dignity with a natural grace (we refer you to 1908) but we were, moreover, "jolly," for the sake of alliteration and all of us beautiful, for the sake of the "Prom."

The autumn of our Junior year was unusual in that there was no Freshman rain to speak of, but one clear, crisp day followed another, brilliantly coloring the foliage and promoting a zest for athletics both indoors and out. The basketball was soon heard thumping on the floor of the gymnasium, and a strong interest in hockey had sprung up. This was due no doubt in part to the enthusiasm of the 1906 captains, who formed them into teams and instituted systematic coaching according to the methods used in basketball. Probably, too, the vote in favor of numerals in the class colors—with sweaters attached—for the four regular teams inspired some to enter the field of action and contest for honors who would otherwise have stayed away. For, though to be sure, the sweaters on the numerals did not cover the wearers with as much glory as the numerals on the gymnasium suits, they covered them very effectively, and had an advantage over the latter in that they might be worn by the ambitious on their walks into the neighboring country.

Of course by this time we had exchanged the blue cards for pale green books written by one Creighton, from whose pages we learned to detect

the tricks of the fallacious reasoner; to discover, by means of circles on the blackboard, great underlying principles such as, "No part of Amherst College is any part of Smith College" (and vice versa), and to chant in unison a little rhyme commencing—

"Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferioque prioris!"

By this time, too, a large number of us had begun our desperate attempts to see visions, at the end of the week; and though we had not as yet produced that genius which was later to behold Raphael in the form of a fountain, we had looked through the eyes of one of our classmates and seen fluffy white balls floating in the air at the mere mention of abstract jealousy.

It was during the winter term, just at the beginning of our second Semester, that we gathered one evening in the gymnasium, guarded the doors to keep out the curious intruders from other classes, and had our Junior Frolic. That was a wonderful Frolic, ours! Not exactly a variety show, yet I can think of no other name by which to call it. There were tops that spun and spun but never fell down; huge Jacks-in-box and Jumping Jacks; dancing dolls, handsome Prom. men and other articles, (none of them, probably, ever seen before or likely to be seen again at Smith) arranged on shelves at one end of the gymnasium and sold at auction. There were side shows in plenty and the class book full of many interesting illustrations.

Nineteen-eight came to serenade us and he admitted for a few minutes to the running track, according to the custom of the past two years; and lastly John arrived to sing his song, tell his story, and extinguish the lights.

After the Junior Frolic followed Glee Club Concert, Rally Day, the Big Game and the Drill in quick succession, and, finally, Easter Vacation, hailed with relief after the long winter months.

When the two weeks were over, however, there were but few who were not glad to return to "Spring Term" and the great event of the year, our Junior Prom., coming in the May time when the apple blossoms are in bloom.

Although it did not come till Spring, the Junior Prom., like the Argumentative papers though they had nothing whatsoever to do with each other—extended in a sense from the beginning to the end of our Junior

year; for they were always being looked forward (or back) to in one way or another and might at any moment become uppermost in interest. We were all in a chronic state of curiosity concerning "suitors" and "subjects." It was not, however, until the last half of the second semester that the Prom. actually happened or that many of the Argumentative papers made their appearance. Concerning these Argumentative papers—they were the cause of several social gatherings outside Room No. 13, Seelye Hall, and on the steps of the Hatfield House. Their range of subjects was a wide one, including some difficult world problems of the day, as well as college problems. Both the Pros and the Cons proved their points conclusively and utterly exploded the theories of their opponents with long refutation—of this we are certain, otherwise we should have had to rewrite them; on reflection it seems a pity that more of them could not have been published in the *Smith College Monthly* and so found their way to the four quarters of the globe.

As I said, we have arrived at the Prom. and it is the month of May and the apple blossoms are in bloom.

We conduct our men to the orchard, where for an hour or two we wander about, introducing them to their partners for the evening, treating them to ice-cream and lemonade and incidentally listening to the Glee Club. After dinner we assemble in the Students' Building, so tastefully decorated by the class of 1907, and the long-prepared-for dance begins. As we walk, between the numbers, on the carpeted path lighted by Japanese lanterns, we wonder vaguely if this is really Smith; then we catch sight of friends from other classes gathered about the doorway peering in, and we realize that it is. We blush with shame for them and remembering the past—ourselves. Twelve o'clock strikes and the dance is over; but we are up betimes the following morning, and off to chapel with our suitors beside us. Here we try for once during the year to forget those two long rows of heads above us; each of us knows, though she keeps her head averted, that their eyes are fixed particularly on her. We sigh with relief as we march out to the triumphant notes of the organ. The day is a glorious one and soon, with our wraps, luncheons and men, we are packed into carriages on our way to the woods for a picnic. As the sun sets, we return in even numbers (and it is remarkable how many "twos" there are) not quite so fresh and animated as when we started but not too tired, nevertheless, to talk it all over from beginning to end till interrupted by

the ten o'clock bell. When to-morrow comes, some of those who returned in "twos" announce their engagements with smiles and blushes; but they are in the minority, strange to say; so we conclude that the majority is waiting to break the news the following year at class supper.

There remained to us but one last Junior duty to perform; a duty sad in a way, hard in a way, but with many delightful aspects as well — namely to assist at the Commencement Exercises of 1905. It began on the second night of "As You Like It" in the Academy of Music and ended with the words of farewell to the class that had, until this moment, stood above us; singing as they sat together for the last time, at supper in the Students' Building. To be sure, we refused, out of courtesy, to let them call us "Seniors," yet all of us knew inwardly as we left them sitting there and filed out into the darkness, that their places had been taken by the class of 1906 — our class; a bully good class; a class that would prove ourselves as excellent Seniors as we had, during the past year, proved ourselves excellent Juniors.

ELOISE GATELY BEERS, *Ex-1906*

Senior Class History

LAST year 1905 asked a question, gently derisive and politely assertive of their own superiority. Although it was a question of vital interest to 1906, we were not allowed to speak for ourselves, but were forced to hear 1905 answer it in a way in which modesty and reverence for our superiors in age forbade us to dispute. Sang they, "Who will sit in Senior seats?" — and in the same breath told us that we would — perhaps. They had misjudged us; there is no "perhaps" about 1906 and the opening of fall term found Senior seats very much alive, even unto the front row, despite the extra shoe polish involved. Didn't it seem queer to be sitting there on our own responsibility, and instead of opening hymn books for other people, to have other people open them for us?

Then came a second question which we were not permitted to answer. What shall be our hypothesis of life this year? The faculty, saying, "Supremacy of the intellect and concentration of energies!" presented us with a brand new schedule which compelled us to practice hockey at eight A. M. and to take afternoon naps in Seelye Hall at two, three or four o'clock instead of in our own rooms. However, some embraced the new doctrine and were inspired to finish and hand in their Shakespeare essays. Some, I say, for everybody did not write one. A few never went farther than granting permission to be impaled on the bulletin board in front of the English office, but others stewed patiently during the summer and upon their return were able to kill two birds with one stone, namely the Furness prize and their Senior papers.

But soon arose some questions which we refused to let anyone else answer for us. What shall we give as our Senior Dramatics? Impelled by our earnest ambition, and relying upon what we knew of our abilities, we said "Hamlet," of course. Then, who shall be in it? This could not be determined until a long period of trembling knees and quavering voices had been completed, a period when one saw girls with Temple editions and dreamy, far-away expressions, wandering with soft mutters about the campus or through the corridors of Seelye Hall. At the end of

this period we owned a secret which we had to keep for a long time—a pretty nice secret it was, too, and that's the worst of nice secrets—you always feel like telling them, so when some admiring Freshman said "Who is that pretty girl?" you answered "Why, she's Oph—" and then you bit your tongue off.

But a well-ordered history must not throw chronology to the winds, so I must go back to the beautiful autumn weather when we expressed our appreciation of nature by "batting" furiously, and if you agree with a certain famous lecturer on Browning that the term "nature" includes human nature, you will understand why we never went alone. Many golden days were spent away from books and out in the region of purple oaks and scarlet maples. Will there ever, ever be any walks like those to the cider mill when we had all the sweet cider and ginger cookies we had room for?

Winter stole in upon us, and before we knew it, Christmas had come and gone. We returned to find that during vacation, everybody had decided upon her life career. Strange to say these life careers bore a striking resemblance to one another. Let not the man who is struggling to prove that higher education for women is incompatible with matrimony look to Smith 1906 for statistics!

Isn't it strange that sometimes people enjoy making themselves feel sad? It is often in this spirit that Seniors employ the adjective "last," for it arouses a delicious thrill of melancholy by bringing a few becoming tears to the eyes and a gentle lump to the throat, and is a sentimental wrapping for every experience of the year. However, on one occasion, we used it because it made us feel happy and that was when we said "last Midyears." Still our Senior attitude toward this season was markedly different from that of our Freshman days, for our first year we struggled respectfully to pass exams, but this time we let exams pass us, while we—I'm afraid we went batting.

"Well," said 1906 one day, "we're Seniors, therefore it's the proper thing to be dignified." This granted, how to attain the desired end? Should we wear hats, long faces, and say, "How do you do," to underclassmen and faculty? No, such a course would react on our sunny dispositions and make us grim and crusty, so we decided upon something of less vital connection with our characters. Shade of Sophia Smith, behold 1906 attending the rally in caps and gowns! "But how stern and forbid-

ding you must have looked!" some person with a pleasant inclination to comment would exclaim. "Why no, my dear, on the contrary we were most attractive. Red is very becoming to 1906." We day-dreamed of a spring campus rich in vivid color contrasts made by red-gowned figures flitting over the green; but back to reality, when thus arrayed we watched 1906 win the game, feeling then, as always, proud of our class.

New events claimed our interest and for weeks the atmosphere was electric with speculative talk on diverse topics; there wasn't a soul but who had something or other to splutter about. The spacious antechamber of the bulletin board room reflected the variety of interests by a bewilderment of posters grave and gay, telling you to give, get, or go something or somewhere without fail. Some of them gave information about Glee Club tickets. Troubles begin. "Oh, dear, Oh, dear!" wails 1909, "I've invited a man to the concert! *Dear* 1906 won't you *please* get me some tickets?" So patient 1906 stands in line and with dim recollection of Freshman Algebra ponders the probabilities of luck at 180 and something or other. Fortune smiles and next day 1906 hands the tickets over in triumph only to hear 1909 exclaim, "It was awfully sweet of you, but my dear, I'm so sorry, I won't need them after all, my man has just come down with the mumps!" Then 1906 wishes she had put the wasted energy into her Senior paper. Another poster told you of the Big Game, so you went with true sisterly interest to cheer 1908 on to victory, and came away more firmly convinced than ever that even classes are best.

We didn't fully realize that we weren't going to be here always until the *Monthly* Board went out and made such thoughts as "the beginning of the end" and like cheerful expressions arise in our minds to give us the cold shivers. How foolish we were to feel that way! We really ought to have been thinking how nice it was that the old *Monthly* Board could have a chance to wash the ink off their fingers and enjoy spring term like ordinary mortals.

Beloved spring term with its cross country walks and lazy drives down shady wood roads, its days of trailing arbutus, apple blossoms and mountain laurel! Now the roses tell us that June has come and we must go; but it isn't the last June is it? For next year we are all coming back, from wherever we are, to meet dear 1906 again.

MARGARET GANSEVOORT MAXON



Ode for Washington's Birthday

Oh, the sea lies fair in the winter air,
And proudly the breakers comb,
While green waves leap from a hollow deep
To break in a crest of foam.
And keen winds play in the flinging spray,
And whirl to a sheet of mist.
Then on and away to the edge of the day,
Where the sea lies shadow kissed;
An onward drawn, forever gone,
Clear and cold and free,
Where far around the sky bends down
To touch the winter sea.
And slowly the tired winds go home,
And night's on the face of the deep,
With only the sound of the breaking foam
Singing the stars to sleep.

Broad continents sleep on the sea's wide main
And waves reach up in dumb unrest,
And sob against the shore's broad breast
In wordless pain.
Strong spirits guard the sundered lands,
Holding each in his upraised hands,
The symbol of his trust.
And one lifts high an iron chain
Forged in the lapse of years;
One holds toward heaven a leaping flame,
Forever mounting stronger, higher,
A guiding torch, and all who come
Share each the living fire.
And he who holds the flaming light
Stands in the hush of the lonely night,
And watching, sees the anguished pain
Of hearts down-borne by broken hope,
That fain would rest.

As sunshine, after sorrow, cometh rest;
As comes the dew-clear twilight after rain,
A peace twice blest since doubly blest,
A moment's calm in a world of pain.
Ah, rest beside some world-forgetting stream,
A slender, toil-worn sickle at thy feet;

Ah, linger so, to dream again life's dream
And hear the west wind whisper through the wheat.
For life is like an epic of the wheat,
Sown by the will of others where they would,
Blown by the stormy fury of "Thou shalt,"
Parted by winds of evil and of good.
The slow uplifting of the grain is life,
The fair unfolding of the leaves is youth,
Condition is the sheath, the kernel self,
Whereof the harvest, truth.

And whoso calls across the years,
A moment resting from a world of tears,
He answer has, "Fear not, oh soul,
Thy debt to pain is paid;
Thou yet shalt reach thy destined goal,
My torch shall be thine aid."
And wandering in the distant night
Still others see the promised light.
Take heart again and find their way
Out to the shining sea!

Dim lay the distant shore,
Wrapped in the shimmering gauze of ocean's mist;
White gleamed the waves in myriad glints star-kissed.
And straight and strong an emigrant stood
And watched the stars through the silent night,
While slowly faded the line of the wood,
And slowly the harbor light.
And out of the great and silent dark
Came the lonely wailing tone
Of a bell that rocked with the long green waves
In the wind and the night, alone.
Calling, forever calling,
Athwart the stars' pale light,
Where flotsam, locked with long sea flowers,
Drifts in endless night.
Oh, great and wonderful dark of life,
Oh, wide and lonely sea,
Oh, trackless way, with danger rife,
Where is the victory?
Must one, though humble and poor he be,
Fall in a lesser strife—
Some soul through sorrow fail to hear
The clarion call of life?
And what though one walk beside thee
In the turmoil of life's haste,
Thou art alone, and he is alone,
Alone in an untried waste.

And tense and straight the emigrant stood,
As the distant sea cliffs slipped from sight;
'Twas not the white-capped sea he saw
Nor heeded the stars' dim light.
Beyond the sea and the stranger lands,
By a cottage rude and low,
He dreamed of one whose loyal faith
Had bade a comrade go.
Brave with the courage of life's new thrall,
Strong to answer hope's fair call
From the country over the sea.

The country over the sea! What fair,
What myriad dreams are thine!
What breadth of far-off cotton fields,
What smell of southern pine!
The still and boundless western plains,
Rough mountains, gaunt and bare,
The beauty of the northern snows,
The breath of southern air;
But nearer far and terrible,
The noisy panting street,
No words that one may understand,
No friendly faces meet!

So under the hush of his calm
Lurked the flame of a sigh—
A sigh for the friends he would see no more,
And a sigh for the dreams he would dream no more;
For not as a youth he westward sailed
But a man, sad-eyed, whose dream of life
Had failed.
Despair's despair—the fear of self!
Bleak prison of self-doubt!
Did one in portioning my share
Leave good and fair gifts out?
Am I so weak that I must know
Failure and grief alone?
Cannot I call this dream of life
Through sorrow and toil my own?
Wave-washed pebbles all, impotent on life's shore,
One little moment lying so, then gone forever more!

And one had failed!
Failed because of the chains he wore,
Forged full thousands of years before
In ages gone.
And not as a man had he fought his fight,
Claiming the freedom of man's own right,

But a bondman, treading from hour to hour
The treadmill of power,
And never swerving to left or right,
He had plodded his way through this moral night;
One step aside and lash in hand
Towered the world-old law of land,
Crushing soul and body and brain
And hope.

And many a peasant bent with toil,
Thankless tilling another's soil,
Has lifted his eyes to see
A castle strong and rising free
Against the evening sky!
Think you he never questions why
One man is born to place so high,

And one to a place so low?
Why one man, idle and drunk with ease,
No care should know?
And another, deep in wheaten seas,
Should swing a scythe from the rising sun
Till the shadows lengthen and day is done?
Think you he dreams no golden dreams
Of place and fame,
As the flashing sickle lifts and gleams
And falls again?
Think you he looks not over the grain,
Past the russet wheat as it bends and bows,
That he sees not the hills of mystery
That stand at the edge of the plain?

Oh, the soul that God has given to man
Is a soul athirst to know
Whither and whence the winds go hence,
And how and why they blow;
And he sees the highway that leads to life,
Fair and faint and far,
And knows that weary years of strife
His chains of bondage are.
Oh, Spirit, Thine aid for the troubled lands
Beyond the wind-swept sea!
Stretch to the nations of pain thy hands,
One weary calls out to thee!

And lo! the listening peasant heard
His answer strange and swiftly sent,
And eager still, hope waked and stirred.
He knew the torch the spirit lent,
Whose flame, fraternity.

And he that guarded his native land
With the heavy chain in his upraised hand,
Saw the links that had held so long
Grow, through one link, less strong.

Oh, Liberty, whose pure uplifting name
Is guarded, and whose ever splendid fame
Is cherished as our nation's talisman!
Over twin vales of pleasant placid peace,

Broad seas of vivid light and somber shade,
Over the hills of war that lift between,

Our pledge is made.
Yet a nation is but a nation of men,
And error is common to all;
We can but fight for what men call right,
And with it stand or fall.

And I, though I see in memory,
Gaunt hills and barren heath,
Have pledged my hand to my fosterland,
My heart and the spirit beneath;
And I, who have loved warm sunlit skies
And heavy perfumes of flowers,
Who have watched the calm of a moonlit sea,
Dreaming long midnight hours;
And I, who, winding mountain paths
Where twilight silence thrills,
Have sung the shepherd's yodling song
Across the Alpine hills;
And I, from the far-off Orient
That borders a tropic sea,
Who mourn the love of my country lent
As the price of my liberty,
Though a wealth of memory stir and wake.
In the face of it all our pledge we make—
God and America!

Still in the dark of endless night
Two spirits stand,
An emblem in each upraised hand
And both their vigil keep.
One holds aloft a cruel chain,
And high above the somber deep
The angels in heaven, seeing,
Hide their faces and weep.
The other stands in a flood of light,
And listens across the sea,
The light is the light of courage,
And the spirit is Liberty.

LOUISE MARSHALL RYALS

Under the Pines

Do you know the pines at dawn,
Hoar-white with silver dew,
When the sun above the eastern hills
Darts golden lances through?
When sweet birds, waking, sing
To welcome back the morn
Into the dusky solitudes—
Do you know the pines at dawn?

Do you know the pines at noon?
At noon do you love to lie
At their roots, and watch through slumbrous boughs
The blue and white of the sky?
To watch and so to dream,
With the heart of the world in tune—
Alone beneath the fragrant pines
In the awe of God's high noon.

But ah, the pines at night!
The wandering winds are still;
The shadows slip down, step by step,
Over the distant hill.
Softly the moonbeams fall
On the needles smooth and brown;
Between the boughs, with softer eyes
The holy stars look down.

Ah, night beneath the pines!
Silence is there and peace;
Solitude, quiet, rest,
Calm that shall never cease.
The world is forgot, and self,
Yea, life and all life's cares,
For who knows the pines at midnight
Has found and known God there.

CLARA WINIFRED NEWCOMB

The Road I follow

Mile on mile I have footed it now,
With the glimmer of stars o'erhead,
Before me the gleam of the long white road
Where my feet unfaltering tread.

I am glad God has given us shining stars
To strengthen our souls in the night,
But better still is the long white road
Where he started our feet aright.

Forever the trackless waste of stars
Brings yearnings unsatisfied,
But my road runs straight to the end of the world—
It is God's unerring guide!

JESSIE CAROLINE BARCLAY

Garden Lore

Oh, the garden's a place full of wonderful things!
There are giants and elves, there are genii tall;
You can lie on your back, in the sun-burned grass,
And watch 'em all day, by the garden wall.
They come 'fore you know it, with frolic and fun,
And you get so you know 'em all, every last one,
By the mystical, magical garden wall.

You can creep in the morning, before the "world's down,"
Stealthily, noiselessly squirm to your place
By the old rhododendron, not far from the tree
Where the birds sing for you all alone; and you hear
Such queer things that woozy thrills creep down your spine,
And you cover your eyes with your fists lest you see.
Oh! the grown-ups don't know what it is to lie there
By the vine-covered wall, near the old apple-tree.
The elves they dance round you with smirks on their faces,
They bow and "kowitz" with their wonderful graces!
A genii rubs a gold ring, there's a flare
And blue smoke, and a noise that makes Fourth of July
Seem tame as a rabbit, and then when you dare
To open your eyes there's a horrible giant.
He's just going to nab you when down from the wall
Comes something that soothes you, you smell a sweet smell,
You're happy as kings, and all's well.

Then all of a sudden you shake yourself free
From a load of pink blossoms dropped from the tree.
You run through the garden and house just like MAD!
You're most scared to death, but you're glad.

KATHARINE GAGER

A Wish

To do my best—nor look with jealous eye
On those, who up the pathway I find steep,
Run, singly, gaily past while I,
Left far behind, drag on with aching feet.
To learn to joy in joy another finds,
Who, caring less breaks off the fairest rose
And grasps and reaches more, while I
Must strain to touch the meanest bud that blows.

MARY COMFORT CHAPIN

My River

Ha' ye seen the lazy river
Drowsy—dreaming to the sea?
Ha' ye seen my bonnie river,
Flowing slowly down to sea?

Ah! it glides alang sae fairly,
Sae gentle, slow an' free,
Wi' a sleepy breeze aye blowing
Frae the lazy, swaying sea.

There be white mists resting on it,
An' the sun shines warm an' kind,
An' the waving reeds beside it
Love the lazy, drowsy wind.

There be slow, still sloops upon it,
Dropping down to go to sea,
An' the crew sing i' the distance
A song that comes to me.

Ha' ye seen my bonnie river,
Drowsy—dreaming down to sea,
Wi' the nodding reeds beside it,
As the sloop glides silently?

AMY GRACE MAHER

The Winds

Over the mountains the Trade Wind comes blowing,
Life-giving, full of the strength of the woodlands,
Bringing the rustle of leaves on the hill-tops.
Who loves not the Trade Wind?

Over the blue sea the West Wind comes blowing,
Gentle and sweet with the smell of the ocean,
Bringing the sound of the swish of the wavelets.
Who loves not the Sea Wind?

Over the gray sea the West Wind comes blowing,
Heavy and cold with the chill of the ocean,
Bringing the thunder of white breakers pounding,
"Kona," the Storm Wind.

CHARLOTTE PEABODY DODGE



Songs for Rallies and Basketball Games

TUNE: "Mr. Dooley"

On Saturday, March the twenty-eighth
 In nineteen hundred three,
 We'll play a game of basketball
 That famous e'er shall be.
 The Freshman, coached to victory
 By the class of nineteen four,
 Will make the Sophomore wonder
 "If they'll ever beat that score!"

CHORUS

Oh 1905! Oh 1905!
 Just watch us when this rousing game we play.
 Aren't you confessing
 We've kept you guessing
 About this glorious game we play today?

The Freshman team in crimson hue
 Stands ever to the fore,
 Our Lion brave the king of beasts
 Gives forth his mighty roar!
 The Soph'mores' little yellow hare
 In terror then doth fly,
 As nineteen-six with banners red
 Victorious marches by!

CHORUS

Oh 1906! Oh 1906!
 We'll cheer you ever onward to the fray!
 We'll e'er rely on
 The grand red Lion
 And bring him through to victory today!

TUNE: "I've been Working on the Railroad"

We've been working with the coaches
 Four long weeks and more,
 We've been working with the coaches,
 Training o'er and o'er.
 Now at last we're up and doing
 Ready for naught-five,
 Soph'mores, best beware the Freshmen.
 Finest class alive!

CHORUS

Sing a song of classes,
 Seniors love the green,
 Soph'mores love the yellow
 (The reason can't be seen!)
 Juniors, purple ever
 Shinet far ahead
 Of any but the Freshmen
 Who will conquer with the red!

We've been working, oh, ye Soph'mores
 Let the game begin,
 We are ready now to play you—
 Play you, yes! and win!
 The Unicorn is close behind us
 Cheering us ahead.
 Watch our glorious old Lion
 Conquer for the red!

TUNE: "The Dutch they Say"

The Soph'mores say we ain't got no show,
 But the Soph'mores don't know,
 No, the Soph'mores don't know.
 The Soph'mores say we ain't got no show,
 But we've plenty of show, don't you know?

TUNE: "Heave 'Way"

Oh 1906 is out to-day.
 Make way, make way,
 A game of basketball to play,
 Make way, make way.

CHORUS

Make way for 1906!
 Make way, make way, make way,
 Make way for 1906!
 The Freshmen grand and glorious.

With 1905 we play our game,
 Make way, make way,
 The way we'll beat them is a shame
 Make way, make way

Since 1904 has coached us well,
 Make way, make way!
 You'll see there's nothing more to tell,
 Make way, make way!

The Freshman team's the grandest team,
 Make way, make way!
 O'er 1905 it reigns supreme,
 Make way, make way!

Our coaches give us hope and cheer
 Make way, make way,
 We're bound to win if they are near
 Make way, make way!
 And now that we have sung our song
 Make way, make way!
 Just cheer us loud and cheer us long
 Make way, make way!

TUNE: "Bill Bailey"

Naught six is coming, coming,
 No hope for you,
 Down with the yellow banner!
 Naught five is running, running,
 Scared through and through,
 No more we'll hear their clamor.
 The Lion is roaring, roaring!
 He's out for game,
 Tough on the mad March Hare,
 Hoist up the red! Freshmen ahead!
 Naught six will win the game for fair!

TUNE: "Mr Dooley"

Oh ———— Oh ————
 She is the finest girl we ever knew.
 A love so loyal, a health so royal,
 We'll sing with all our hearts today to you.

TUNE: "Stein Song" ("Prince of Pilsen")

Here's to the class of nineteen-four
 The class of wondrous name,
 Here's to the class of nineteen-six
 The class of matchless fame;
 Hail to the purple floating high
 And the red we hold so dear.
 Shout till your voices reach the sky
 In one loud ringing cheer.

TUNE: "Hiawatha"

Oh, we're going to win the game, win the game, win
 the game, win the game, —oh, you bet we are!
 We'll drive the score up, up, up, up, up—oh, so far!
 For the Sophomores are the bricks, are the bricks,
 are the bricks, are the bricks—oh, the good red
 bricks!
 So here's to you, our good old 1906!

CHORUS

To 1906 and 1904 we sing,
 To 1906 so grand,
 The best in all the land!
 To 1904—dear 1904 so wise—
 She is the finest underneath the skies!

Oh, the Freshmen are so sad, are so sad, are so sad,
 are so sad—well, we guess they are!
 They thought their team a bright and shining star!
 For they've worked, and they've worked, and they've
 worked, oh, so hard at basketball.
 But they don't catch on to it at all!—Cho.

TUNE: Chorus of "Before and After"

Perhaps you've come
 To win this game,
 But we are here
 To do the same,
 And when we make up
 Our minds about it,
 We always do the things
 We want. Don't doubt it.
 So you had better
 Not make a fuss,
 The game today
 Belongs to us.

TUNE: "Keep off the Grass"

(Spoken) Hi, little Freshmen!
 Hi, little Freshmen!
 Hi, take care now!
 Oh Freshmen dear!
 We greatly fear
 You will be weeping tomorrow.
 Don't work so hard!
 Be on your guard,
 Lest we should add to your sorrow!

(Spoken) Hi, little Freshmen!
 Hi, little Freshmen!
 Hi, take care now!

Keep off the floor!
 Keep off the floor!
 You can do nothing at all there!
 Just run away,
 This is the day
 When Naught-six plays basketball there!

Oh, we'll whoop her up for 1906
 Oh, we'll whoop her up, hurray!
 Oh, we'll whoop her up for 1906
 For she will win the day!
 Oh, we'll whoop her up for 1906
 Oh, we'll whoop her up, hurray!
 Oh, on to victory!

CHORUS

Sophomores, wave the crimson high!
 Proudly shall the purple soar,
 For the lion and unicorn
 Are the finest on the floor!

Oh, we'll whoop her up for Captain Anne!
 Oh, we'll whoop her up, hooray!
 Oh, we'll whoop her up for Captain Anne,
 For she can surely play!
 Oh, we'll whoop her up for Captain Anne,
 We'll whoop her up, hooray!
 For she leads to victory!

Oh, we'll whoop her up for Emma Dill!
 Oh, we'll whoop her up, hooray!
 Oh, we'll whoop her up for Emma Dill!
 She's taught us how to play.
 Oh, we'll whoop her up for Emma Dill,
 Oh, we'll whoop her up, hooray!
 Her name the Sophomores love.

Oh, we'll all whoop for Rita Souther!
 Oh, we'll all whoop her up, hooray!
 Oh, we'll all whoop her up for Rita Souther!
 She's helped to win the day.
 And we'll whoop her up for Mabel, too!
 And we'll whoop her up, hooray!
 Here's to Mabel Barkley, too!

TUNE: "Triple Cheer"

Here's to Soph'mores, to Naught-six, hooray!
 Here's to the one class that will win the day;
 Here's to their great team, ready for the fray,
 Loved by all the class that wear the crimson!

CHORUS

Naught-six, Naught-six, who can rival you?
 Who so loyal, true?
 Who can claim so great and good a name?
 You, the pride and joy of old Smith College!

Here's to Seniors, here's to 1904!
 Here's to the one class famed forever more;
 Here's to the true hearts, faithful to the core,
 Cheering for the class that wears the crimson!

Here's to Anna, to our captain fine!
 She to vict'ry brings our gallant nine;
 Cheer together all along the line,
 Cheer, O cheer the class that wears the crimson!

TUNE: "Ha, ha! he, he!"

Ha, ha! he, he!
 We're still on top, you see,
 And here we'll stay
 Till the sky turns gray!
 We'll win the game,
 And endless fame,—
 Ha, ha! he, he!
 It's careful you must be,
 For if any class knows a thing or two
 It's we, we, we!
 O, Naught-six is a ripper!
 You'll find you cannot trip her!
 We'll remain the topmost evermore—more!
 Don't get gay with us, my dears,—
 We're too high for aught but cheers!
 The grand old class—Nineteen-six!

(Spoken) She's a daisy, she's a dandy!
 She's a darling, tearing corker!

TUNE: "Can't You Climb Up?"

The first year that '06 came out on the field
 She paralyzed '05 and '03;
 They beat her by three, and then really you know
 Their team was a sad sight to see!

CHORUS

Can't you play ball,
 Can't you play ball,
 Can't you play ball with '06 and '08?
 Can't you play ball,
 Can't you play ball,
 Can't you play ball with '06 and '08?

The second year '06 came out on the field,
 A fresh little class, so they tell,
 Though they really did know
 How the game ought to go,
 And no sooner got it than—well,—Cho.

TUNE: "Rise Up"

Rise up, ye junior classmen,
 Rise up, ye freshmen classmen,
 Gather from far and near.
 For us we'll never weaken,
 We'll fight until we beat them,
 Give them a rousing cheer,
 Rah! rah! rah! — Repeat

TUNE: "Cruising Home"

Ha, ha, ha; Ho, ho, ho!
 Are the even classes slow?
 Is there any doubt we are the best of all?
 Ha, ha, ha! No, no, no!
 Ask anybody, they'll tell you so, that
 We are the ones that always win at basketball.

TUNE: "Rufus Rastus Johnson Brown"

1907 1909,
 Poor old Zu Zu, listen to him whine!
 What are you going to say?
 How you goin' to play?
 Unicorn will grab you in the same old way!
 You know, I know, ev'rybody knows
 You'll have to get a wriggle or he'll tread upon your
 toes.
 Listen to him holler! Listen to him whine!
 Poor old 1907! 1909!

TUNE: "Big Red Team"

Cheer for '06, for the class of 1906,
 The finest in the country round.
 We will ever together be firmly bound
 In the ties and friendships here, yes! yes!
 Oh, Seniors come and lustily shout
 That '06 always wins the day,
 For her spirit is fair and her aim to be square,
 Oh, cheer for '06, hurray!

TUNE: "First She Gave Me Taffy"

Come, ye even classes,
 Gather one and all,
 Come, we'll show them how to play the game of
 basketball.
 Our homes are at the basket,
 Our guards and centers fine,
 Nor here, nor there, can any compare
 With this, our glor'ous nine!

CHORUS

Sing all ye Juniors,
 As the teams begin to play,
 Wave the red and purple,
 '06 and '08 are out to win the day.

Come, ye shaking Seniors,
 Come, ye Sophomores, too,
 This is the day for you to prepare to meet your
 Waterloo!
 Our homes are at the basket,
 Our guards and centers fine,
 Nor here, nor there, can any compare
 With this our glor'ous nine!

TUNE: "I'm a Ghost"

Nineteen-six, Nineteen-six,
 We are proud of our
 Grand Juniors;
 Nineteen-six, Nineteen-six, give a rousing cheer,
 And sing her praises out to all the world around,
 Of all her noble works.
 You find us made of right good stuff,
 We're the class that never shirks.

Nineteen-eight, up-to-date, we are proud of our
Young sisters,

Nineteen-eight, never late, she's learning very
Quickly all our college ways and doings here;

Whatever comes to pass,
For her we see a future great;

We all love our sister class.

TUNE: "On the Road to Mandalay"

You have sung of other classes,

And we join you in your praise,

But of all the college lasses,

Those of '06 lead the way.

For the lion goes before us,

And we never did give in

Till the fight was at the finish,

'06 has played to win.

CHORUS

Sing a song to 1906,

She's a class to win the tricks;

When ye others are for boasting

Just remember 1906.

Oh, ye Juniors, cheer today,

And ye others just make way,

For hark, the lion's roaring,

And '06 has lead away.

We have listened to your song, dears,

And we know you're pretty fair,

But somehow it is the crimson

You can count on to get there.

Oh, the March Hare is a proud one,

But we know somehow today,

That when we have come to the finish,

'Tis '06 who'll lead the way.

TUNE: "Silvie"

See Nineteen-five standing

All pale over there,

The great Junior lion

Is chasing that March Hare.

REFRAIN

Then cheer for the crimson,

Sing 1906 again,

For "work" is our watch-word,

And "win" our refrain.

The Soph'mores, '07,

They sing and they yell,

But are they so happy?

It's pretty hard to tell.

REFRAIN

We cheer for the crimson,—etc.

Sing on, '08 Freshmen,

We quite approve of you;

Your voices are lusty,

Your hearts' are ever true;

REFRAIN

So sing red and purple,

'06 and '08 again,

For "work" is our watchword

And "win" our refrain.

But see 1906,

The only class—the one

That is sure to finish

The great work she's begun.

REFRAIN

So cheer for the crimson,—etc.

College Song

To our happy college days we're singing

And our college friends we hold so dear,

And echoes, loudly ringing,

Echoes, softly singing

Tell to all our love for Alma Mater

And our college friends so tried and true.

And classes, odd and even,

Classes, odd and even,

Together stand, and hand in hand

Sing loud, fair Smith, to thee.

Do you want to know who she is?

She's a girl in the Junior class,

She's known both near and far,

There's none she can't surpass,

She's won us endless fame,

She's a daisy we all claim,

And ——— is her name.

Sing!

TUNE: "Golden Gates"

Oh come, let's sing to ———

Oh come, we'll laud her praise on high!

She's to the crimson ever loyal, ever loyal,

And she's sure to do her best or die.

TUNE: "Foolish"

Oh! next year in little 1909 you will studious Sopho-

mores see,

With Bible exams, and Physics' exam they will very

haughty be.

They will perfect be at basketball, and coach both

night and day,

They think they're absolutely fine, did I hear any-

body say?

CHORUS

Well! Foolish? well I should smile!

I don't see why, but the more you try

It seems they get more like us, like us all the

while.

Oh! when we're gone little 1908 will the upper class-

men be,

They will coach many, many, little Freshmen green

and that we'd love to see.

1910 will be crazy about them!

Very evidently,

But whatever they do or whatever they say,

Will they ever be as nice as we?

Oh! next year merry little 1907 (pardon me while I

smile)

Will try very hard to fill our place, in a very elegant

style.

Oh! every class will bow down low, to the Seniors

great and tall.

For an absolutely perfect class 1907 beats them all.

TUNE: "New Amherst Song"

Oh '06—fair '06,

We sing and shout your praises o'er and o'er;

To you we ever will be loyal

Till the sun shall climb the heavens no more.





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